THE QUEEN OF SNOWS

THE route to Mussoorie Is through a beautiful
jungle where nature runs riot without control,
a fitting approach to the pure pleasure centre
far excellence of India. Having passed holy
Hurdwar, where the swift-flowing stream
from the snows behind the temple spires
rushes away with the sins of sweet little
bathers in saris of vermilion, ochre, and
lemon, one reaches the Dun. Here the pale
pink cloud of the kuchnar blossoms palpitate
with joy in the quivering heat, the burning
bush of the pallas blazes against the distant
blue of the mountains, as a joyous mondaine
flashes through an every-day world, the orange
parasite of the banda crowns the sombre
strength of the peepul, the blue jay flits over
the bamboo's feathery forest, the stags' antlers
bristle behind the candelabra hedges of the
aloe, birds with sharper bills and longer tails
than elsewhere in this country of exaggerations
perch on the steeples of the giant ant-hills.
Some trees have a green froth of flowers

83 foaming